

We'll Take This Outside 1:17

Southcott

The moon is laughing to the beat,
of our shoes pounding on the street,
as we flee the scene,
of our mockery,
and how does it feel to,
get the shit kicked out of you?
Twenty years from now,
remember my face in that
scar above your brow,
When you parents pick you
up at the hospital grounds,
your wounds in gowns, and
tongue is sound, asleep,
but you won't speak,
of all your bruised skin,
or of this travesty again,
and how is that broken nose?
Your blood spattered clothes?
The shoe prints on your neck?
or would you rather?
All my friends gather?
And we can take this to streets again,
For you,
And all you friends,
We'll bring the bats,
We'll bring the violence.

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